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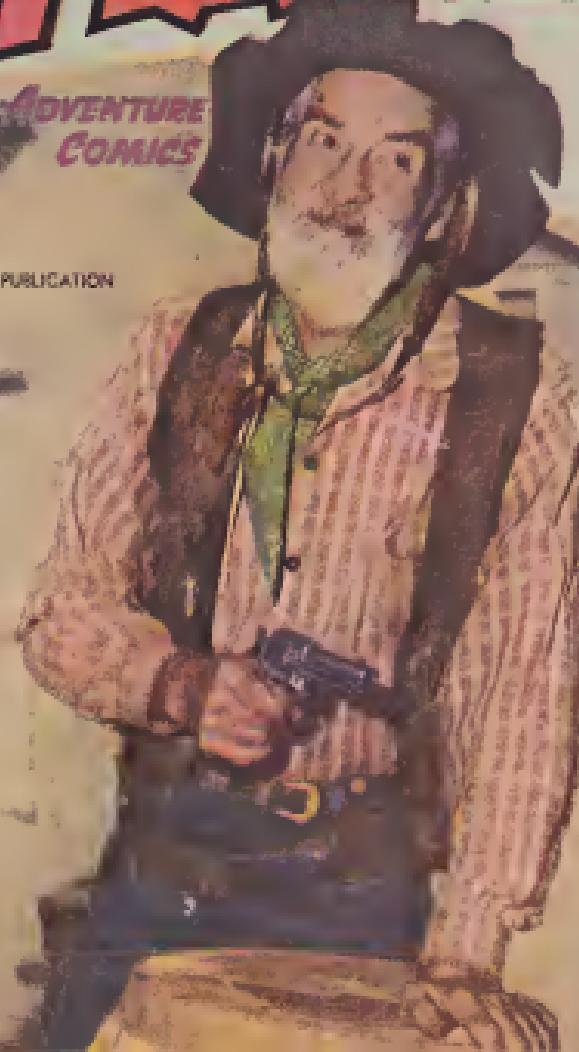
GABBY HAYES

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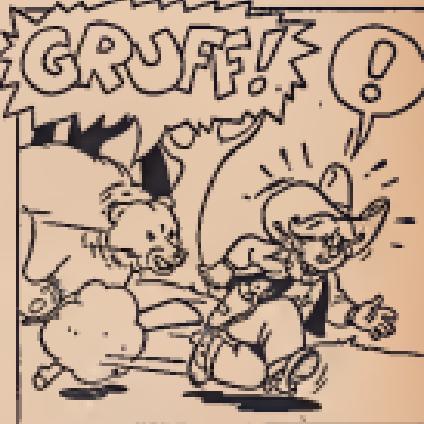
No. 55

ADVENTURE
COMICS

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



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GABBY HAYES

GABBY HAYES

DUNKS A RUSTLER

THERE I WAS WITH NO GUN,
TRAPPED BETWEEN THE THUNDERING
HORSES AND THE RAG-HOODED THIEVES.
SO I JUST STARTED SWINGIN' AND...

THUNDEEEEEEER!
TERRY'S SO
WORNED UP IN THAT
PIT SQUADREL HE
DON'T EVEN
PEAL, BABY!

BRING ME
SOME PINT-
SIZED BURGERS!

WHAT'S THIS? THE GREAT GABBY HAYES JEALOUS
OF A WILD SQUIRREL? BUT BEFORE HIS RUM-
SWINGER TEE TO CHARBON VALLEY BROOK,
GABBY AND TERRY DUNKED THEM IN A TOTTY-TWETY
BATTLE THAT DUNKS A RUSTLER!

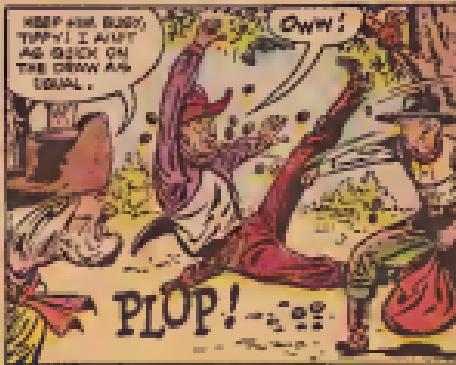
GOOD WORK,
BABY! I'LL TRAIN
YOU TO BE THE
SMARTEST SQUIRREL
IN THE WORLD.

CHEER UP, TERRY!
YOU'RE SPENDING ALL YOUR
TIME ON THAT FOOL
RUSTLER!

ROSE:
SCHOOL MARKS
WILL DROP IF YOU DON'T
GET RID OF THAT RAVENOUS
PIGMENT!

GO ON, GABBY!

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

DONUT DUNCAN FLIES INTO A RAGE WHEN HE HEARS HIS WITNESS GONE.

GABBY! WHAT GRABBY
BROUNDER TOOK
MY DOUGHNUTS? I
TELL YOU NOT
KIND FOLKS
LIVE?

SEARCH THESE
WOODS. IT MUST BE
AN ODDFISH HOLE
OR MY MUSKERS LOOD
ENOUGH TO CONVICT
THIS CRIMP!

LOOK, BOBBY!
FOOTPRINTS!

THAT
LEAD
SPRINGS TO
THAT TIME!

BUILD A SMOKE PILE;
WE'LL RAISE THE
CREEK OUT!

OPEN...

...COUGH!
DISBURSTED
SMOKE IS CHOKING
ME; I GOT TO CLIMB
HIGHER!...
COUGH!

AM I FRESH AIR?
SMOKE CAN'T
GET ME HERE!

IT'S A EIGHT
GROSS PERCH. I
CAN COVER THE
SHIT FROM THE
WALLS, SO THE
REBELS CAN'T
GET OUT!

COURAGE,
BIG WOB;
HE'S SOMETHIN'
IN THE TOP;
SHOOT HIM
DOWN!

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



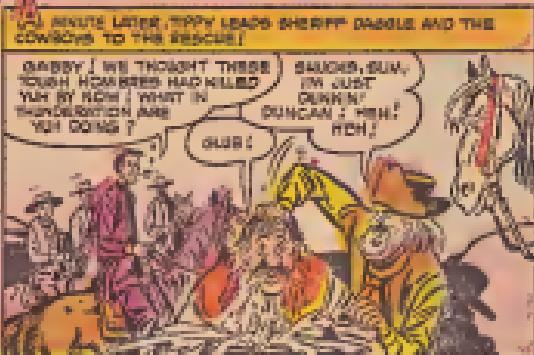
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

YOUNG FALCON

in
THE FEATHERS

YOUNG FALCON, LONE HUNTER OF THE WOODS, SILENTLY MOVES THROUGH THE DENSE FOREST WHEN HE COMES UPON A NOTICE POSTED UPON A TREE!

"WANTED—CRAG CARGO, FOR JAIL-BREAKING. PLEASE GIVE INFORMATION IN NEAREST TOWN OR INFORMATION YOU HAVE ON THIS MAN. HE IS DANGEROUS!" HAHAA!

WANTED

SURPRISED—

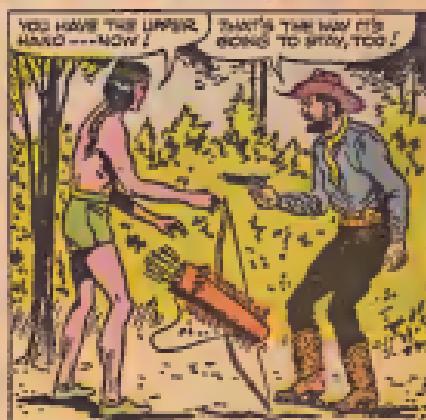
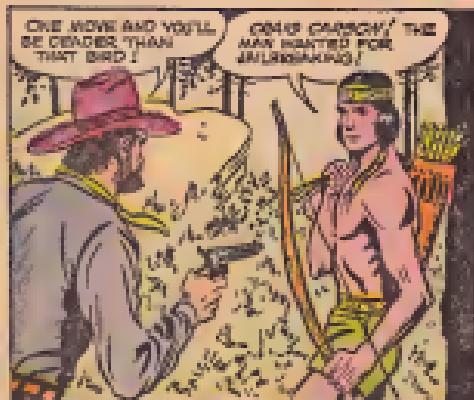
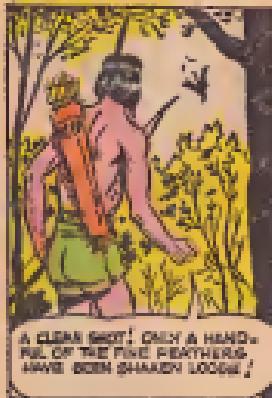
A PARTRIDGE! JUST WHAT I AM SEEKING!

I MUST BE CAREFUL, IT IS THE MOURNING SEASIDE AND THE PARTRIDGE IS FLYING HIGH WITH SWIFT CHAOS!

THOUGH I WANT THE BIRD FOR MY STOMACH, I WANT TO RETURN THE FEATHERS TO THE OLD SQUAW AT THE CRAGGY CAMP. SHE WAS PROMISED TO MAKE ME A FINE QUINN OF PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.



GABBY HAYES

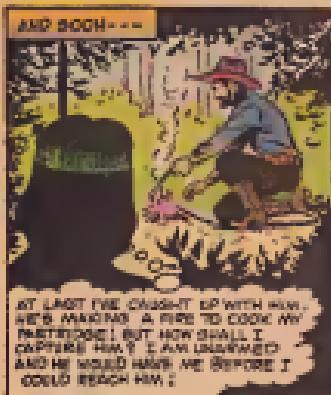


GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

AND SOON --



AT LAST I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH HUN-
TER'S MAJORING A FIRE TO COOK MY
PISTOL! BUT HOW SHALL I
CAPTURE HIM? I AM UNARMED
AND HE WOULD HAVE ME BEFORE I
COULD REACH HIM!

I MUST DRAW HIS ATTEN-
TION ELSEHELD FOR A
SECOND. THIS LOG SHOULD
DO IT. I'LL TIE IT TO THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
CLEARING!

SECOND
LOGS --



WHAT'S THAT?
WHO'S IN THOSE
BUSHES? COME
OUT WITH YOUR
HANDS UP!



IT'S A PLEASURE,
JACKAL!



AND THIS IS JUST FOR GOOD ME-
SURE -- TO KEEP YOU QUIET TILL I RETURN
YOU TO THE SHERIFF IN THE
NEAREST TOWN!

LATER, IN THE NEAREST TOWN --

WE GIVE ONE YOU A VOTE
OF THANKS, YOUNG
HAWKON!



GABBY HAYES

GABBY HAYES

and *The Loco Photo*

DON'T BE SO STUPID, GABBY! I WANT A PHOTOGRAPH OF US TOGETHER!

WHAT IN TADITION FOR, HETTIN' YEH KNOW WHAT WE LOOK UN, DON'T YEH?

STEP INSIDE,
POSS, AND GET
TAHEN - UH - I MEAN,
GET YOUR
PICTURE
TAHEN!

TIM TYPE
Photography Photographer
- ONE SHOT ONLY -
SAVE YOUR FACE FOR THE FUTURE!

Nothing bad trouble devolves when Gabby Hayes gets his picture taken and finds his handsome (if features contorted into a comical **LOCO PHOTO**!

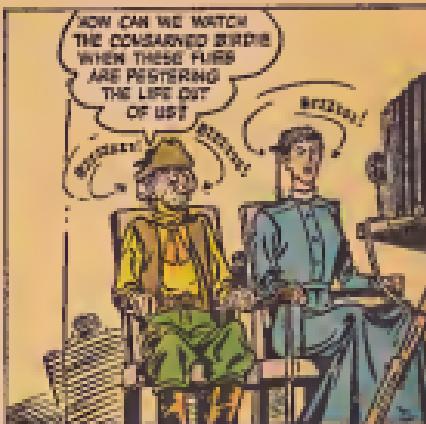
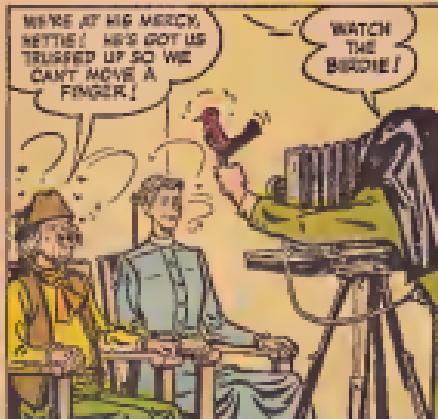
BAMFU LOOKS LIKE A DEDICATED TORTURE CHAMBER!

THESE ARE MERELY CLAMPS TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MOVE WHEN I SHOOT YOU!

SHOOT ME? HOLD ON, PARD! I AINT A DISMISSED TARGET!

HUSH, GABBY! HE'S GOING TO SHOOT THE PICTURE! DON'T BE SUCH AN IDIOT!

GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



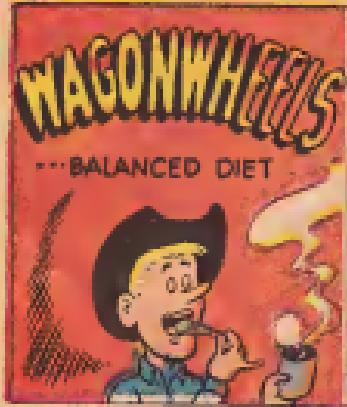
CABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

BIG TOP FRACAS

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraus



WHEN Buck Desmond rode into the town of Valley Flats, he realized, at once, that a racket had been in the making. Locking down the main street, the rambling cowhand saw smashed windows and with glass still littering the board sidewalk. There were fresh bullet marks on the stable sides of buildings, and the town was quiet! Too quiet . . .

"Hump!" Buck mused, as he reined in his bay horse. "Looks like there's been a first-class riot in Valley Flats! Wonder how come——"

The lean, tanned cowboy's words choked off, as he saw what was happening in an alleyway down the street. Several gunns were gathered in a mounting semi-circle around a levi-clad young rider. They were hunky, heavily-armed hoobnies, with the tied-down guns and brawling traps affected by men who did not make their living out on the range! Threateningly, they were closing in on the youth!

"Stand back," he cried, suddenly. "Come closer and I'll shoot! Hear me, Rego?"

"Now, now, Tad!" soothed one of the men in an oily, hoarse voice, "We don't mean no——"

But, even as Rego spoke, his hand whipped down toward his gun! So speedy was his treacherous move that it did not seem that any other human could beat him to the trigger! But, while the Colt was still blurring up, another gun roared! It spoke from behind the group of men, lancing across Rego's wrist. Half-screaming in surprised pain, the big man dropped his gun.

In a single motion, Rego and his cronies whizzed!

Before them, they saw Buck Desmond, his lean hand holding a still-smoking Colt. Its barrel moved in a slow arc, back and forth . . . "That was just one bullet," the rambling cowhand said. "I've got five more in this old gunnen, and it's got a tied-down hammer. Shootin' fast! So clear out, all of you, 'cept that young feller there! Vassoonie!"

Gurdy, silently, the gunmen backed away. His scared eyes—soon they were out of

sight, in the alleys and back alleens of Valley Flats. Then Buck turned to the boy who waited at his side.

"What was that racket all about?" he asked. "You were roasting on a mighty hot spit, son!"

The boy flushed.

"Too hot," he grinned. "But I reckon my dad can tell you more about this than I can. He's Elijah Summers, Mayor of Valley Flats, and I reckon he'd sure appreciate a chance to talk to you, stranger!"

Ten minutes later, Buck and young Tad Summers were in the law office of white-haired Elijah Summers. Gathered about them were several other men, all businessmen and ranchers from the Valley Flats vicinity. Their faces were troubled, and they were looking to Buck Desmond for help.

"Desmond," the Mayor said, "we sure want to thank you for stepping in when those coyotes were about to gun down my boy! Colt Rego and his gang are a silly bunch, all right!"

"Reckon so," Buck replied. "But what's their game? How come they've been making trouble?"

"It's a long story, mister," Elijah Summers raged. "For years, we folks in Valley Flats have been feuding with the folks in Morgan City, about fifty miles away. Leastways, they've been feuding with us! The situation came to a head recently, when folks in the state decided to run a big state fair. They've narrowed down the choice for the location of the fair to either Valley Flats or Morgan City! A committee of wealthy ranchers is going to visit Valley Flats tomorrow, to decide whether this should be chosen as the spot for the annual fair!"

Buck nodded. "I see," he said. "And you think that the Morgan City people are trying to make trouble——"

"Think!" Elijah Summers exclaimed. "I know! They've hired a big bunch of drifters and no-goods, gunslugs all! They aim to keep stirring up trouble in town, so that it will ag-

CABBY HAYES

pear that we have no law and order in Valley Plaza, and the committee will decide not to hold the fair here! They've already wounded the sheriff, and I reckon they would have killed my boy today!"

Buck clenched his fist.

"Then the problem," he mused, "is to get a grip on these critters and clear them out of town—prompt!"

The faces around the rambling cowhand nodded in one. But they all reflected a single question. "How?"

Buck stood up. "I've got an idea, Summers," he said. "As mayor, you can call a big town meeting. Do that tonight! I reckon you've got a big canvas tent you can hold it under. Make sure everyone knows about it, including Rego's thugs!"

"Including those slicks? But they'll all come. They'll try to break it up!"

"I know," grunted Buck. "And we'll be waiting for them!"

That night, as dusk closed over Valley Plaza, a huge canvas tent, souvenir of a traveling show that had once folded in town, was put up at the edge of the main street. Buck Desmond supervised the erection of the tent, and, as the canvas rose, he whispered cautious instructions to the men who were helping him.

Finally, the tent was filled with visiting townspeople, sitting on rough-hewn benches in one corner, at the far end, sat Cliff Rego and his thugs. Scowling and mean, they waited for an opportunity to break up the meeting and provoke a fight that would last through the night! If their plan worked, the visiting committee could not fail to see that Valley Plaza was no place to hold a state fair!

Now Mayor Elijah Summers rose to speak.

"Friends," he said, "we're here tonight because of this committee meeting tomorrow! We want to make sure that—"

"BOOOOOF! EEE-TIPPEEEF! Shut up, you old goat!"

A chorus of angry shouts and cat-calls suddenly came from the corner of the tent where Rego's gang huddled. Summers tried to continue with his talk, but again the thugs interrupted him! Buck Desmond sensed when he saw that they were starting to rise—that they were go-

ing to break up the meeting. Quickly, he raised his hand in a signal. Several men were waiting at the tent poles and guy wires. Their eyes were on him!

"Now!" Buck shouted, sweeping his arm down. "Now! Drop the tent!"

His aides quickly pulled loose the supports of the tent, in the section where the Rego gang had been sitting. As the guy wires and poles collapsed, the heavy canvas thumped down like an enveloping cloud! Within a few moments, it had impaled the hoodlums under its weighty folds! And only the gunmen were trapped, for the tent had been cleverly rigged to fall on them alone!

As Rego and his men struggled desperately to free themselves from the canvas that pinned them to the ground, Buck quickly stepped to their side, his gun drawn. "Rego! Rego, listen!" he shouted. "We've got our guns trained on you! You can't get out! You can't see to shoot at us, but we can finish you off . . . if we want to!"

There was silence for a moment. Then, from under the canvas—"All right, Desmond! You've got us. So what?"

"So this," Buck ordered. "Slide your guns out to us, under the edge of canvas. When they're all out, we'll lift the canvas flap and let you come out, one at a time. Now! Start passing out your guns!"

AN HOUR later, the townspeople of Valley Plaza stood by, grinning, as the barred door of a cattle car was nailed securely into place. Within the railroad car, they could see the angry faces of the roughs who had been terrorizing their town! Disarmed and helpless, they were being sent on a ride!

"Where do you think we ought to send them, Buck?" asked Elijah Summers. "Back to Morgan City?"

"Reckon not!" Buck Desmond replied. "They'd get guns and be back here pronto. We'd best send them to the U. S. Marshal at San Diego. He'll figure out the best thing to do with them. And now let's start cleaning up the town again! That state fair committee'll be coming in tomorrow, and we'll want things to look just right for them!"

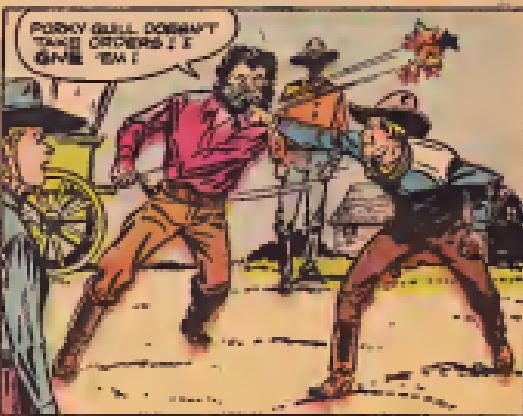
THE END

GABBY HAYES

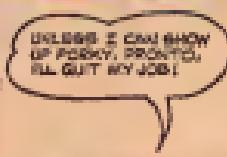
GABBY HAYES and THE HUMAN PORCUPINE



GABBY HAYES



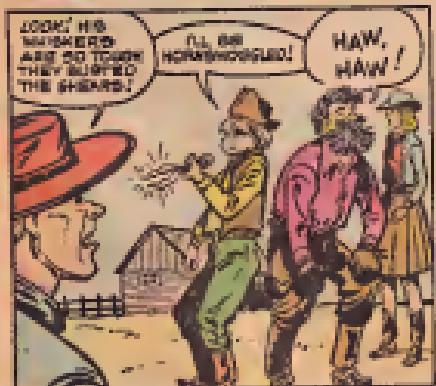
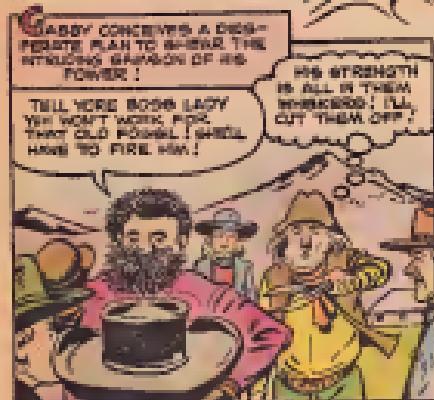
GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES

CONVINCED THAT PORKY IS A BETTER MAN,
GABBY SADLY PACKS TO LEAVE THE RAG ROTHANDY

NO NEED FOR ME
HERE NOW I TELL
TELL PORKY HE
CAN HAVE MY
JOB !



WHEN YORE
GOES, PORKY,
WE'LL MILK THE
RAUGH-DRY

YEP! WE'L
SELL
EVERYTHING
THAT GALL
COWS !

WHAT
THE—!

YEH LOWDOWN THREYING
GOMMERS! YEH ALL NEVER
GET THIS RANCH --- EVEN IF
YEH ARE A MAN OF IRON!

GABBY DRENCHES PORKY
WITH THE IRON-SOFTENING
SOLUTION!

PURASHED PORKY UNTHINKINGLY
DRENCHED GABBY WITH THE IRON-
HARDENING SOLUTION!

WAHY THIS WILL MAKE YEH
JUST A LITTLE IRON MAN!

GRAB HIM,
MAN! THROW
HIM OUT!



TAKE THIS YEH
GARMINTE!

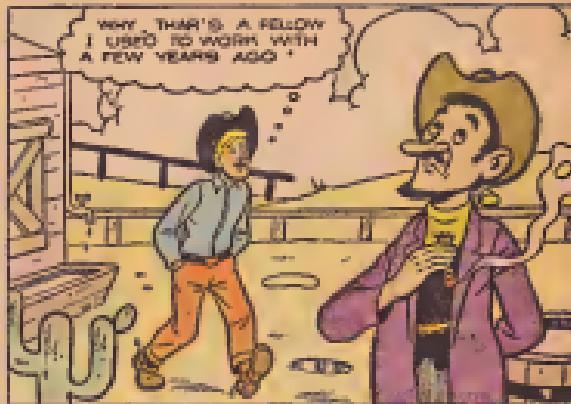
AHH! I STIFFENED
ME WHISKERS! THEY
CUT THAT CANVAS LIKE
A RAZOR!



GABBY HAYES



GABBY HAYES



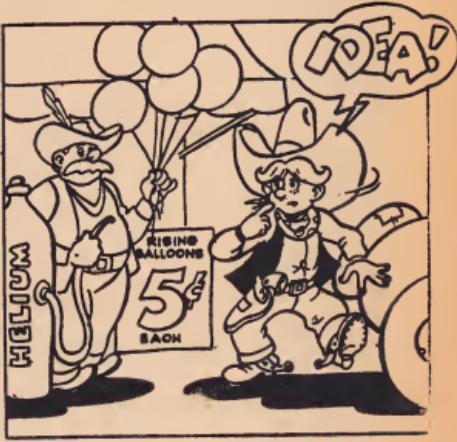
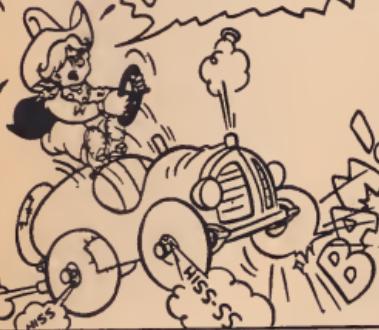
TEN-GALLON PALEO



WHY BE OLD FASHIONED?
DON'T RIDE A HOSS...
BUY AN AUTO-Buggy!
(USE HOSS AS DOWN PAYMENT)



WOKEE!



JUST WANT TO BORROW THIS GADGET FER A MINUTE...

